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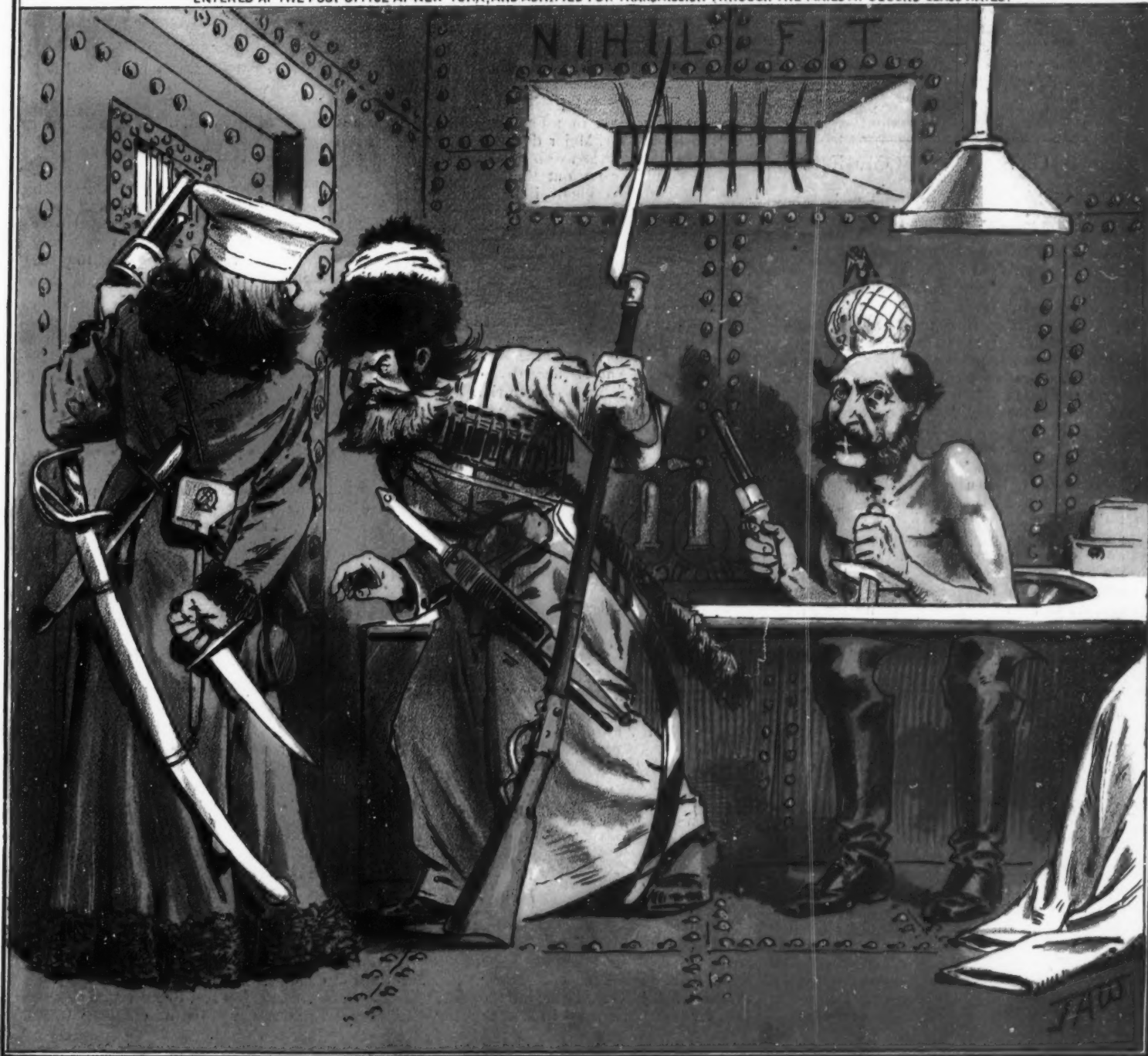


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CARTOONS AND COMMENTS.

SOME day a strange turn of Time's kaleidoscope will throw the white radiance of Chambord's lilies on the escutcheon of France; and for a fleeting second the motley court of Henry V. will rush out from its musty hiding-places to warm itself in the fickle sunshine of France's favor, bringing to light the strangest shapes of patrician old-fogyism and rococo nobility—the barren follies, the blind vices, the obsolete pride and passion and pettiness buried under the enlightened contempt of generations. It will be like the scattering of the bugs under Mr. Oliver Wendell Holmes's stone. But bugs and baroque royalty are both more respectable than the brood that the Republican "managers" are digging out of the avalanche of oblivious scorn that fell upon them four years ago. They were bad enough when we knew them in the heyday of their iniquitous prosperity, these ringsters of all grades—swindling Secretaries, corrupt Cabinet Officers, thieving Traders—but to-day, as they are dragged out, mouldy and ragged, from their retirement, say, are there any fouler objects in all the mercenary train of that most unwelcome and unwanted Presidential candidate, U. S. Grant?

Nobody supposes that Grant will ever be President of these United States for a third time. Not that we are afraid of his trying to play Emperor; but that his wholly gratuitous candidature implies more disregard of certain popular prejudices than it is safe to show just at present. This is getting to be an age when, if a man wants to live quietly, he must respect the rights of those around him. No one knows this better than the poor old Czar of Russia. The Czar is a dear old gentleman whose private tastes run to tyranny, gore, torture, and similar delights of the truly autocratic mind. And, would you believe it, that imperial person is not allowed to tickle his ears with the groans of his amusingly agonized subjects? The said subjects have actually so environed his life with perils that the scene intérieure depicted on our front page has in it more of realism than of romance.

The sign over the door of the Czar's bathroom reminds us of Artemus Ward's tribute to Nihil, who "fit;" which leads to the observation that the students of Cornell College "fit" last week, and got very properly thrashed. But the fact would not be worth mentioning if the fight had been only the usual brutal, caddish college row. The Ithaca unpleasantness has borne one good fruit, in the shape of a sort of apology which the collegiate roughs have put forth—a shabby, sneaking affair, that tries to excuse and explain, instead of expressing manly regret; but a valuable document, in that it shows a wholesome fear of law and order establishing itself in our educational bear-gardens. Thus the Nihilist-haunted Czar; the too-ambitious politician grasping at an awful and unattainable honor, and the rowdy undergraduates are all recruits, big and little, to the ranks of those who, for fear or for shame's sake, must tramp along in the rear of the army of progress, and avoid stepping on the heels of the common folk in front of them. Strange to say, we have right across the border one very laggard straggler, who shows a royal desire to march backwards.

Mrs. Lorne, née Princess Louise, has returned to Canada, and, barring a slight accident, in the form of a spill from a sleigh, which, we believe, slightly fractured one of her royal left eyelashes, is enjoying the best of health. At any rate, she is well enough to have bullied Doctor Lorne into making some new court regulations, which vie in idiocy with Mr. Lt.-Col. Littleton's. Mr. Major de Winton is the worthy successor of the low necked hero, and does his best to carry out the provisions of Lorne's ukase. Everybody is numbered and figured down to a fine point under this arrangement. First come the Doctor and Mrs. Lorne; then the army and navy, Privy Council and bishops and judges and legislators. The existence of the rank-and-file citizen is entirely ignored. This is a sweet sort of an arrangement on the North American Continent; but it ought not to surprise us or anybody else. So long as Mrs. Victoria and the whole of her charming family scarcely heed the cry of starving millions in Ireland, no eccentricities or exhibitions of ignorance or vulgarity on their part ought to excite wonder. No amount of barbaric pomp can blind sensible people to the very limited breeding and range of intellect of the House of Brunswick.

In this Irish distress mentioned above we have the spectacle of a peasantry starving who, it is presumed, would be willing to work hard enough for a living if they only had a chance of getting one. There is some distress right under our very noses of a different description. Business is now showing signs of improvement, and the first thing the intelligent workman does to show his appreciation of the fact is to strike for higher wages. Capital has suffered quite as much as labor, and it can't stand strikes just now, as the intelligent workman will soon find out to his cost if he continues to come down with sledge-hammer force on the head of his employer. Distress arising from such a cause does not deserve relief.

Talking of distress and Irish and Roman Catholics, what is to be said of the Irish college in Rome, which has presented to His Holiness Pope Leo £450, received as Peter's pence from the diocese of Armagh, and £400 from the diocese of Kilmore, the grateful testimonial of the Irish people? If the dioceses of Armagh and Kilmore have between four and five thousand dollars to lavish on Mr. Leo for a purely sentimental purpose, we don't see why Mr. Parnell and Mr. J. Gordon Bennett, or anybody else, for that matter, should bother themselves about sending money to Ireland.

Puckings.

15-14-13 has reached Thompson Street. There it is played as a gig.

MR. CONKLING won't shoot Grant, because he is averse to the shot-gun policy.

THOUGH you twist and turn and shift, e'en By the hour—you can't make Fifteen.

ANOTHER collision on Mr. Cyrus André Field's beastly railroad. We suppose he is anxious to get subjects for new monuments for private account.

IN these days when Mrs. Pork, Mrs. Yeast and Mrs. Fusiloil are fabricating and filching mottoes and escutcheons, what should prevent the Smith family from adopting: "E Pluribus Unum"?

"THE house on fire, you say? Much obliged, I'm sure. I'll come along and help you put it out in a minute. You'll find the key of the fire-box somewhere—it's number 15-13-14, you know."

HENRY W. TO THE RESCUE.—The words of the poet may come handy just now, in the way of advice—"Life is real, Life is earnest, and the 15 puzzle, popular opinion to the contrary, is not its goal."

M. DE LESSEPS is so pleased with the Sixth Avenue Elevated Railroad that he has changed his plans and will erect an elevated canal over the Isthmus of Panama. He thinks very highly of our system of street cleaning, and told the Lotos Club so.

"JOHN, dear, the baby's crying!"

"Oh, well, confound it, Maria, don't bother a man while he's doing this inf—blessed puzzle. Go out and buy him one for himself, it'll keep him quiet."

"Yes, love, I will, in one minute—just wait till I get this—how was it I had it just now—14-13-15—oh dear!"

THE Cincinnati *Saturday Night* publishes the following reasons why a letter does n't go:

Because you forget to address it.
Because you forget to stamp it.
Because you forget to write the town or State on the envelope.

Because you cut out an envelope stamp and pasted it on your letter.

Because you wrote the address on the top of the envelope, and it was obliterated by the post-office stamps.

PUCK adds another reason:

Because you forgot to write the letter.

MR. PINAFORE GILBERT told Mr. Simon Hassler, of Philadelphia, that the Americans are a nation of thieves. He might at least have waited till he got home, like Mr. Dickens and others of our distinguished visitors, before freeing his over-burdened mind on the subject of our Yankee iniquities. He might even have recognized our hospitality by a charitable silence on that transatlantic topic. But perhaps it is as well for Mr. Gilbert that he has avoided this last feat of chivalric courtesy, which would associate him in the American mind with the only "touring" Englishman who ever was polite to this country. It is really quite too awfully awkward, don't you see, to get into a position where you may have to stand comparison with Thackeray, you know.

BRUMIDI.

B RUMIDI is dead.

This announcement, made a week or two ago, did not cause a thrill of sympathetic grief to run through this vast country, from Pacific to Atlantic.

It did not cause anything in particular. This, however, is not to be wondered at. We are, of course, a nation of Goths and Vandals. A well-known English dramatist (a very droll person, indeed, you know) has recently said that we are a nation of thieves.

To this proud distinction we will not lay claim. Let it be honor enough that we have the contempt of foreign perfection on the score of ignorance of art and crudity in tastes æsthetic.

There is no denying, at least, that we are a nation quite unfit to appreciate Brumidi. This generation knew not Brumidi at all—gave him, in fact, the cold shoulder of oblivious contempt.

Yet he was a foreigner—a genuine foreigner.

His death alone has called attention to his life. Now that positive news has gone abroad that he is really dead—not dried up into a shriveled yet sprightly immortality, like Tithonus, but dead like happier men that have the power to die—deceased, gone over to the majority, his checks passed in, and, let us hope, cashed by some generous congress in the world of spirits—now that the fact is established that he was a mortal, and amenable to mortal and physical laws, now, at last, a few curious and unoccupied old antiquaries have dived deep into the musty past to bring up the record of Brumidi.

Abnormally inquisitive strangers, visiting the Capitol at Washington, have sometimes gone down into the damp and gloomy subterranean corridors that appear to have been planned solely for the conveniences of future republican Guy Fawkeses. Somewhere in these lost and limitless galleries they have met a strange old man, bent, wrinkled, white-haired, who steadily and silently painted George Washingtons in top-boots on every wall and ceiling within his reach. Returning the next day, led by some inexplicable fascination, they have found the pictured Father-of-his-Country replaced by awfully allegorical Americas, and the venerable creator of these artistic fantasies nowhere to be seen.

"Who is this?" naturally they would ask. "Brumidi," was the simple answer. "What is he doing?" "He is decorating the Capitol."

When Brumidi was appointed to do this work no one knows. The date is lost in the mists of the *Congressional Globe*. Rumor says that he was originally hired, as a reputable and capable house-and-sign painter, to whitewash a coffee-stand in the lobby; and that he suggested to the chairman of the committee on Public Instruction the advisability of warming up the whitewash with a little dash of color, and breaking its bald monotony with an agreeable inweaving of line and form. The chairman said he thought it would be a good thing. Brumidi, according to this tale, decorated the coffee-stand, and the rest of the lobby, and the dome and part of the senate-chamber, and then asked for an appropriation. There was some slight objection; but when it was explained that Brumidi was a foreigner, and therefore conversant with all the details of art, and that his rates per square yard were far below the current European market-price, the objections were withdrawn, and an open appropriation account was opened with the artist; on which he was empowered to draw at discretion, until the work of decoration was completed.

Then Brumidi—so runs the narrative—began decorating in earnest, and decorated every

square foot of the Capitol. Then he began at the beginning and decorated it all over again. His early chroniclers kept count for a while, but finally gave it up; and now we can only hazard a rough estimate that the Capitol is decorated thirty or thirty-two deep, on an average, all around. It may be well to mention that all this time the open appropriation was drawn on at discretion. The era of big jobs had arrived, and no one grudged Art her modest old-style share in the spoils.

And so Brumidi decorated himself to death; and now that the undecorated King of Terrors has laid hold upon him, we learn that, even as he went, Brumidi cast his mantle upon another Italian with an eye to appropriations—a man with one more syllable to his mellifluous Tuscan name. So that we may expect the grand succession to go on; each generation marked by the accretion of a syllable, and that æons hence, our descendants may see swarthy Italian he-Penelopes crawling through the Capitol corridors, defacing by night the appropriation work of the day.

Our Reverend Contemporary, the *Post*, has suggested that Mr. Louis Tiffany or Mr. John Lafarge be appointed to succeed the late Brumidi. What an absurd ideal! Does the *Post* know anything of the constitution of our present government? Does it think for an instant that these gentlemen could be appointed? Why, it would make a Samcox laugh. They are fit for the work; and they are not foreigners. Give them an appropriation! Ridiculous!

MRS. McMULLIGANS MISHAP.

[Special Dispatches to PUCK.]

OTTAWACOORTS, Feb. 26.

AS Mrs. Dennis McMulligan, of this place, was riding home in her husband's cart at noon to-day, she inadvertently fell out of the rear end of the vehicle by the treacherous tail-board upon which she was sitting giving way. She suffered a contusion of the chin, and sustained a severe shock to her nervous system—and to a bottle of the "craythur" she carried under her arm. She was conveyed to her home and is now resting quietly.

OTTAWACOORTS, Feb. 27.

Mrs. McMulligan is not so well to-day. Her chin needs a rest.

OTTAWACOORTS, Feb. 28.

Mrs. McMulligan was able to walk out in the back yard to-day and feed the pigs. Her husband says her chin is improving.

OTTAWACOORTS, Feb. 29.

Mrs. McMulligan has not been out of her room to-day. She got hold of a bottle of her husband's whiskey, which he keeps in the house for rheumatism and so forth, drank it by mistake for medicine, and immediately had a relapse. She complains of a dizziness in the head, and her wounded chin is less in repose.

OTTAWACOORTS, March 1.

Mrs. McMulligan saw a few friends to-day. They came in to ask after her health and borrow a little sugar and her flat-irons.

OTTAWACOORTS, March 2.

It is officially announced that Mrs. McMulligan was able to wipe off her chin this morning, but she will be unable to attend a "wake" for some time. Dennis is enjoying better health than usual.

DEFINITIVE SNAPS.

EARLY BIRDS—Morning Cocktails.

NAUTICAL MISNOMER—Calling a Ship a-Hoy.

TREASURY BALLAD—"Who will care for Sherman now?"

PUBLICITY OF PRIVATE MATTERS—Putting Curls in Papers.

A VERITABLE JACK OF DIAMONDS—Jack Hannay of Glasgow.

OLD SECT (*very numerous in Central America*)—Earth-Quakers.

AN EDITORIAL FLIGHT—Editor Smith's last, from the Albany Journal.

"LIFE IS EARNEST"—Yes; but Death is rather more so, when it comes.

"PASSING OF ARTHUR"—From the Custom House to the U. S. Senate, possibly.

A LACKEY in the presence of English aristocracy—Henry James apologising for American literature, and writing Hawthorne down as among the English authors.

PUCK "PERSONAL"—If the man who wasn't offered either the English or the Russian Mission will send his name and address to this office, he may hear of something to his disadvantage.

WILL A DUCK SWIM?—If Old Cipher be the Duck and the Presidency the Puddle, we should answer, yes: if not to swim, at least to paddle around in it somehow—and Hon. John Kelly should not forget it.

IN RE RENO—Now that Major Reno has time to think it over, his present opinion of the disadvantages of being a blackguard might prove interesting. There is nothing like a standpoint of personal experience to speak from.

THE NEPHEW PLAGUE—Nephew Longfellow, the nice young man from Boston, has "up and dusted," as they say in the Pacific classics. The grief of his aged poet uncle may better be imagined than described. Can nephew Pelton never take a hint?

SUGGESTION GRATIS—Won't somebody start a Relief Fund in behalf of "the poor, miserable sinners" so frequently alluded to by the clergy? As a class they appear to be numerous, and charity, you know, begins at home.

RICHARD'S "SNACKS"—A trustworthy foreign correspondent remarks that Richard Wagner, during working hours, pauses now and then to take a "hurried snack"—which is a new name for it, though somewhat less elegant, perhaps, than the old established "snifter." But these composers are careless of the amenities of life.

C'EST DROLE—Napoleon Bonaparte, of No. 41 Marion Street, this city, sends a dollar to the Irish *Herald* Relief Fund, with a remark gratis that "if the battle of Waterloo had not been lost to the French, the *Herald's* friends would not now be starving." The *Herald* does not argue the point, but pockets Napoleon Bonaparte's dollar promptly, leaving the ex-imperialistic conundrum still unsolved.

PHILOSOPHICAL REASONING.



SKATER:—"Help! Hey, there! Help me out!"
 FARMER (evidently a philosopher):—"See here, you got in without assistance, and I don't see why you can't get out."

A SWELL MIGHTIER THAN HE.



WIFE (on the bank):—"Goodness! the ice has broken up, and there goes William Henry without one cent of insurance to cover his loss!"

A FLORIDA FORTUNATUS.

DADE COUNTY, Florida, has preserved intact for many years the proud distinction of containing fewer inhabitants to the square acre than any other county in the United States of America. At the present moment its population consists of fourteen sovereign and independent electors, three small boys and one commercial traveler. The latter is kept there by necessity; the former remain from choice. Many miles of trackless bogs and swamps constitute its area, and what vegetation it possesses is wholly submarine. In times of severe or protracted drought trees and rocks have been discerned by travelers, but at all other times it partakes of the characteristics of a pond.

On a small strip of land twelve feet by seven the inhabitants reside with all their goods, and as there is no room upon it for newcomers, the average emigrant must content himself with existence in a row-boat or look elsewhere for a habitation. Under these circumstances it is not strange that the population has not made rapid strides, and that Dade has remained stubbornly unprogressive in all material respects.

Directly adjoining Dade and to the west of it is the sovereign county of Monroe. Within its ample boundaries reside, in comparative peace and harmony, very many good souls whose aspirations are as primitive as their ways of life. In common with other American counties in good standing, it has a full set of officials, a treasurer, clerk of records and prosecuting attorney. It has even attained to the dignity of a "ring."

Not very long ago an old negro, Vivian Story by name, awoke to a realization of the fact that he was gradually drawing to the end of a profitless and uneventful existence in Dade. He called the whole population of the county together (including the thirteen other electors, the three small boys and the commercial traveler aforesaid) and proclaimed to them his intention of emigrating to Monroe. A boat was rigged out and he departed. Arriving in Monroe, he was first met by the tax-collector. As, for the very obvious reason that a row to Dade would cost the Florida authorities more than all the worldly possessions of the county are

worth, it has been from time immemorial free from such exactions. Story evinced a degree of surprise which showed him ignorant of this great function of popular government—and resident ring. He paid no tax. He looked about him. The future was gloomy. He had no money, and he observed that the people of Monroe were in the same embarrassing position. No provision had been made for paupers, and a return to Dade was out of the question. "Ah!" he said, "I will steal something to keep the wolf from the door."

Now, though there is nothing very surprising why a Florida negro should be thus inclined, there is one excellent reason why he cannot gratify the desire in the county of Monroe. There is literally *nothing to steal*. It took Mr. Story just two weeks to become fully convinced of this. Then he realized why it was that the position of prosecuting attorney was a sinecure, and how the treasurer was enabled to spend twelve months of the year in Washington without neglect of his official duties.

Chance, however, always favors the bold of heart, and in this instance it favored our Florida Fortunatus. The treasurer returned to Monroe to receipt for his pay, and Story stole his pen! For this flagrant wrong he was promptly arranged, tried and sentenced to six weeks' solitary confinement in its true sense. He was the only man incarcerated.

The jail at Big Cypress is what the reader would most naturally denominate a shed. It is of wood, and the door is fastened by a padlock. The sheriff lived at some distance, and he carried the key. Mr. Story fared rather sumptuously at the public expense, and solved to his own complete satisfaction the problem which racks the minds of so many: How shall I live? It was a pleasing contrast to the watery monotony of Dade, and Vivian was happy.

But even a picnic must needs end sometime. At the termination of his six weeks' term the Sheriff called on Story and requested him to leave. Story declined. "Your time is up," said the Sheriff. "I know it," said Story, "but jail-life suits me. Get me out if you can!"

As, in the whole eventful history of Monroe county, no individual had ever had the ingenuity to so far circumvent the authorities as to find anything to steal, the worthy Sheriff

was in a dilemma, and had no precedent to go by. Leaving the key of the jail with Story for safe-keeping, he proceeded to Tallahassee for legal advice. "There is," he said to the attorney-general, "a man in our jail who refuses to leave. Is there no authority under the Constitution or the Statutes to put him out?"

The attorney-general responded that it was a legal presumption that every resident of the State of Florida was either an invalid or a criminal. The Law could not discriminate between criminals in jail and criminals out of it. Mr. Story having served his term, the authorities had no further claim upon him. It would be nothing short of a vindictive persecution to drive him among the other criminals, all of whom were at large. There was no authority to put him out.

The Sheriff returned to Big Cypress, sorrowing. He visited Story and talked with him. He implored him to leave. Entreaties availed no more than arguments with Fortunatus. He flatly and positively declined to go. The Sheriff returned to his home and wept like a two-year old child. The Dade county miscreant was master of the situation.

Just about this time an invalid from New York, on his way to Key West, passed through Monroe. He was robbed. The offender was tried, convicted and sentenced to imprisonment in the Big Cypress jail. Story fraternized with him, and they played poker to pass time.

One night a terrible storm arose. The door of the jail was wrenched from its hinges, and the second criminal made his escape. The news spread through the county that the jail was open, and an alarm was organized. The Sheriff enrolled a posse, and at day-break the jail (the last place in the world to look for a fugitive, but the first instinctively gone to) was reached. It was empty. The Sheriff clapped his hands in delight. One of the posse, however, observed a stout, well-fed man sitting on a fence near by. It was Story. "What are you doing there?" he was asked.

"I am waiting," said Fortunatus, "till the jail gets repaired!"

When the lunatic asylum, which is being put up beside it, is ready for occupancy, Arkright Till, ex-Sheriff of Monroe county, will be removed there.

ERNEST HARVIER.

THE EVOLUTIONARY MOLECULE.

A TYNDAL-DARWINIC MADRIGAL.

Sung before the
Society for the Diffusion of Scientific Knowledge.

—I could a tale unfold.

THROUGH ages and ages I swirl'd—
When form was entirely molecular,
I, a part of a nebulae world,
Existed in nowhere particular:
For you see that there only was space,
As no star yet hung in the ethereal,
And of course there existed no place
When there was not to make it material.

CHORUS OF SCIENTISTS (*in recognition of the
logic of this deduction*):

Ri tiddy foll oll dol deree
Whack foll oll i addady.

By and by, from the darkness profound,
Other molecules came to my vicinity,
By which I mean gathered around,
Attracted to me their affinity.
Each a cosmos was then, and possessed
Of a world all the germinal qualities,
But so small none would ever have guessed
That each star would e'er grow to the ball it is.

CHORUS OF SCIENTISTS (*expressive of belief in
their ability to guess or discover anything*):

Ti rumtity tumtity ty,
Ri tooral li ooral lyaddady.

For one little mite 'mongst the rest
I thrilled in a manner irrational,
And felt in my molecuic breast
A stirring magnetic and passionial:
As it felt the like toward me, too,
We joined in a mystical unity,
Till, by evolution we grew
To a perfect atomic community.

CHORUS OF SCIENTISTS (*showing the assent of
everyone to the reasonableness of this statement*):

Tumtity rumtity tum,
Tooral lyooral lyaddady.

And so we evolved and revolved
In the realms of the uttermost boreal,
From gases to grasses resolved,
From them into form infusorial:
Once sentient we rapidly grew
To the mollusc state, then to the saurial;
From that—but, between me and you,
I'd best skip some links, least I bore ye all.

CHORUS OF SCIENTISTS (*given with much hilar-
ity, as manifesting pleasure at hearing this*):

Ri tooral liloorally ay,
Tiddy ti umpty adaday.

So I'll come to that state where our shape
Was that of the order called Simian,
To which belong monkey and ape
And man, *vide thesis* Darwinian.
O! that was a life full of ease,
To which this one is only comparative;
Then we slept nice and snug on the trees,
Each slung by a link of his narrative.

CHORUS OF SCIENTISTS (*a plaintive lullaby,
conveying, as nearly as possible, the poetry of
swaying boughs and breezes balsam-laden*):

Ri chicketty wicketty ho!
Wicketty chicketty adaday.

But one day—O, most sorrowful day!—
Then I was the gayest in Monkeydom—
A monster, while I was at play,
Caught and carried me off into Flunkeydom.
Neither tail was he blest with, nor hair,
Except on the top of his occiput,
And he only a trifle had there,
O'er the rest of his corpus some frocks he put.

CHORUS OF SCIENTISTS (*suggestive of horror
and wonder at the appearance of the monster*):

Ho! cricketty licketty O!
Licketty cricketty adaday.

Most pitiful then was my lot:

Condemned to the vilest of slavery,
Clad in mountebank garments and taught
Tricks pregnant with cunning and knavery;
For my tyrant, his living to earn,
Exhibited me to the folk about
With an organ, and I had to learn
The antics and tricks I just spoke about.

CHORUS OF SCIENTISTS (*lachrymately commise-
rative of his hapless condition*):

Ah! rocketty crocketty whock,
Crocketty rocketty adaday.

'Tis said what is bred in the bone
Will never, no never, come out again,
And the truth of the adage is shown
In myself, now once more I'm about again;
For—I tell you this under the rose—
My present high-scented morality
To my former transition state owes
Its sweetness and light and vitality.

CHORUS OF SCIENTISTS (*showing how science
can trace everything in every possible direc-
tion, and prove the eternal fitness of things,
and the relationship of—of—matters generally*):

Till iddy tumliddy ti O!
Ri toorally adady.

Thus clearly and fully I've traced
Through the mystical depths of cosmology,
With evolings occult interlaced,
The line of my true geneology:
Till now, rich in honors and pelf,
And famous for culture and piety,
I'm boss of an organ myself,
And grind for the choicest society.

CHORUS OF SCIENTISTS (*accompanied by a cir-
cular movement of the right hand and arm*):

Ri toorally oorally hum,
Tooralyoorallyadaday.

DAVID M. RORTY.

DON'T SEE WHAT WE CAN DO ABOUT IT.

SMITHVILLE, Dix Co., Mass., Jan. 6, 1880.

Dear PUCK:

I was born in 1860; and, although the casual reader may not observe anything of significance in the simple assertion, yet the sequel will ably demonstrate my just cause for indignation. The following lines are being circulated in this vicinity in the form of a small card, and purport to have emanated from the crazy, visionary medulla oblongata of Old Mother Shipton, undoubtedly an infernal gossip, who lived in the time of Henry VIII.

MOTHER SHIPTON'S PROPHECY.

Carriages without horses shall go,
And accidents fill the world with woe.
Around the world thoughts shall fly
In the twinkling of an eye.

Through hills man shall ride
And no horse or ass be at his side.
Under water men shall walk,
Shall ride, shall sleep, shall talk.
In the air men shall be seen
In white, in black, in green.
Iron in the water shall float
As easy as a wooden boat.

Gold shall be found and shown
In land that is not now known.
Fire and water shall wonders do,
And England at last shall admit a Jew.
The world to an end shall come
In eighteen hundred and eighty-one.

Now, Mr. PUCK, I enter my vehement protest against such barbarism in this electric-lightened age of the nineteenth century. The whole thing is an infamous, dastardly plot to deprive one honest, whole-souled, God-fearing Democrat of his first vote; and one doesn't rhyme with *come*, for a cent, either.

Yours in true Democracy,
AMERIGO VESPUCIUS SMITH.

EAGLE OR GOOSE?

Free Sample of Ephraim Muggins's Patent Poetry.

By HON. EPHRAIM MUGGINS.

BY some very strange mistake, our ancestral
fore-pas
Adopted the eagle (which was a very
grave *faux pas*,
And unaccountable, too) as our national bird.
Now, an eagle's all very well in his way, but
who ever heard

Of any good he's done?

Why, now, upon my word,
If half the startling tales are true that have
been told,
The eagle's a perfect tiger among birds, a
regular old

Brazilian jaguar, a sheep kleptomaniac; and
they say

He has stolen babes, and borne them far away,
And fed his cormorant eaglets on their tender
forms,

And left their tiny bones to bleach 'neath
wintry storms!

Now, had I been one of our ancestral ancestors,
and I might have been

If I'd been particular about it; but I never
cared a pin

About being an ancestor—yet, if I had been one,
And had been delegated to select our glorious
national bird,

I'd not have named th' eagle. What benefit
has he conferred

Upon mankind? What good deeds done that
he should be turned loose

Upon society as a model bird? I'd sooner
choose the *Goose*,

That has some fair claims to merit, and is of
practical use

For meat and feathers,

For I do love thee, goose!
I loved thee when a gosling; and often when
abuse

Was heaped calumniously upon thy fair
escutcheon,

I battled with thine enemies, and would, in
fancy, clutch 'em,

And shake 'em, and say, "I am the goose's
friend."

I love the joyous gosling, I love to see it bend
With tug vehement o'er the blade of grass,
which sudden breaks

And lets him tumble heels over head, and shakes
His tender confidence in all things green and
vernal,

And makes him sigh to think they should be
so infernal

Unreliable und uncertain.

My voice is still for Goose!
And, as I live, I don't understand why the deuce
Anybody should prefer the eagle. Shoot your
old eagle!

I go for having all things fair and square and
legal;

And I'm suspicious of the eagle. He's too
shrewd,

Too lofty—high-toned, too particular about his
food—

Too airy, too soon, too previous and simul-
taneous,

And altogether too promiscuous and miscel-
laneous.

We want a bird that shall fitly represent
Our intellectual status—our political intent—
Something that links us still with things terrestrial
And don't soar out of sight on wings celestial.

As I'm a plain unvarnished man with honest
predilection,

I strongly urge at all times an honest, plain
selection;

And so, if we must have a bird for our nation's
private use,

Let's throw the Eagle overboard, and take plain
honest Goose!

A COMPOSER DISCOMPOSED.

IN the musical world the most stirring event—
 "The Damnation of Faust"—though 'twas given in
 Lent—
 Gathered all who love music, and some who do not;
 With the critics great Gilmore was too on the spot.

On each face now see pity, or awe, or relief,
 As the sounds express terror, or pleasure, or grief;
 All acknowledge a master-soul's magical spell,
 Whom they willingly follow to Heaven or—well.

But not all! There is *one* whom no power can subdue,
 Be it gentle or mighty! "Great Gilmore, it's *you*!"
 In the perfect repose of your classical face
 Of emotion nor anything else there's a trace!

'Neath that calm, placid mien, it is certain, you hide
 A superior genius's self-conscious pride;
 For your own noble anthem who would be so rash
 To compare ('twere insane!) to this poor, senseless trash!

Yet to those who your lordly expression can read,
 It was plain, and their hearts it made shudder and bleed,
 That to sit the whole evening there, listening to
 "The Damnation of Faust," was—the same thing to you!

WALTER.

FITZNOODLE IN AMERICA.

CXV.

CENTRAL PARK.



Ya-as, it is not a
 verwy orwiginal
 wemark faw me to
 make, but aw it is
 Lent, and conse-
 quently there is we-
 latively little to do
 to get wid of the
 time comfortably.

Aw one tolerwably fine morning, aftah looking in at the club, I stwolved, as I fwequently do, towards the wesidence of Miss Marguerwite. 'Pon my soul she pwesented quite a pwetty appearance; looked fwesh and attwactive—aw she usually does. I suppose this is the weason of my aw admirwation faw her.

She pwoposed a twapse to Centwal Park, and as I wathah appwove of young female cweachahs taking wegulah constitutional perwegwinations, I encourwaged her in the ide-ah and accompanied her.

We weached the Park, which on the whole is a cweaditable sort of bweathing weserve, and indicates a desire, on the part of the people who have to do with the wuling of the city, to do the wight thing faw the poorwah classes. The weserve is tolerwably large, and is in some wespects quite pwetty from a considerwable distance; but on closah inspection I aw wegwet extwemely to say that it betways horwible marks of neglect, wottenness and a generwal appearance of its wapid twavel towards wack and wuin.

Deuced disgwaceful, I think. The aw paths and walks have large cwacks aw fissures in them. The twees are not pwopahly taken care of; the shwubs are waggid and wotten; gwass gwows where it ought not to gwow. Severwal wooden bwidges are in a wuinous condition, and appe-ah so fwail that the slightest bweeze would blow them ovah. It is not pleasant, even in a wepublcan countwy, to wandah about and see such a deplowrable state of things in what might weally be a verwy wespectable place. Aw I don't understand it. Wondah if there is anything in the American Constitution that wendahs it necessarwy faw parks and public weserves—aftah having gwatified the aw common people and othahs faw a bwief perwiod with their naturwal attwactions—to be allowed to wun to waste. I suppose there is; but I should say the soonah there is a weform in this particular the bettah. Perwhaps the wepublcan ide-ah is that too much luxury, wegularwity

and wespectable gardenling arwangements are not desirwable—may make people too much attached to what is ultwa-wefined

A fellow, ye know, can scarcely avoid dwawing comparwisons and contwasting the mannah in which varwious extensive gardens and parks are pwotected and cared faw in England and Fwance.

Aw nobody evah venchahed to make any derwogatorwy wemarks with wegard to aw Wewgent's, Victoriwia, St. James or Hyde Parks or Kew gardens, or Wichmond or Windsah Parks. Nor did I evah he-ah any Parwisian gwumble at the superwintendence of the twustees of, faw instance, the Bois de Boulogne, although when the Prussians were hanging arwound Parwis, the Fwench felt constwained to level the twees and play ducks and dwakes with them and othah feachahs of the aw Bois. But they are now all gwowing up again, because pwopah care is apparwently taken of everwything.

If, then, it be twue that a wepublcan system of wuling pwovokes an inferwi-ah aw wetched looking-aftah of public play-gwounds and parks, I am inclined to think it would be bettah to have a king, a queen and an extensive woyal family. There is pwobably something in the composition of this class of people that has the effect of making their patwonage and countenance desirwable faw the corwect management and wegulation of parks and gardens.

Jack tells me that there is enough money to make Centwal Park a neat place; but the fellows who get hold of it put it in their own private pockets to purchase widiculous luxurwies for their own use aw.

AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF A TRAMP.

I. MY ANCESTORS.

My father kept a bucket-shop, but died shortly after my birth. My mother was a rag-picker.

2. MY BIRTH.

I was born tired.

3. MY BABYHOOD.

I was a rag fairy and lived in a cellar.

4. MY CHILDHOOD.

I was a gutter-snipe.

5. BOYHOOD.

A dock-rat.

6. YOUTH.

River-thief.

7. OF AGE.

Owing to some unpleasant familiarities on the part of the police, I started on my twenty-first birthday to tramp the New England States.

8. YOUNG MANHOOD.

One year in jail for chicken-stealing.

Three months tramping.

Six months in jail for drunkenness.

One month tramping.

Two years in jail for stealing.

Two months tramping.

Six months in the hospital with broken leg.

One year in jail for passing counterfeit money.

Three months tramping.

Three years in jail for housebreaking.

9. MANHOOD.

Three months preparing to crack a bank.

Six years in jail for breaking bank.

Three months tramping.

Six months preparing counterfeit money.

Three years in jail for passing counterfeit money.

10. MIDDLE AGE.

One month tramping.

Five years in jail for burglary.

Six months tramping.

11. OLD AGE.

In jail for life for murder committed while drunk.

ARTHUR LOT.

THE THEATRES.

At HAVERLY'S BROOKLYN THEATRE, "Humpty-Dumpty" has retired, and Hermann, the Prince of Prestidigitators, reigns in his stead.

The Salsbury Troubadours in "The Brook" are comfortably settled at HAVERLY'S THEATRE for a three-week's run. The entertainment is amusing and attractive, just suitable for this uncertain kind of weather.

Messrs. Abbey & Hickey, with their "Humpty-Dumpty" and "Spanish Students," are reaping the full measure of reward for their enterprise. The attendance at BOOTH'S THEATRE is exceedingly encouraging. The music discoursed by the young gentlemen from Spain is as delightful as it is characteristic.

"Hazel Kirke," at the MADISON SQUARE improved patent Theatre, is to be withdrawn in favor of "Masks and Faces." Mr. Tiffany's exquisite drop-curtain proved its unfortunate inflammability last Thursday night to the tune of three or four thousand dollars, and, for Mr. Mackaye's sake, we are very sorry for it.

Byron's comedy of "Chawles, or a Fool and his Money" is now performing at Mr. ABBEY'S PARK THEATRE. On the whole, it is well acted, but the leading character is too Hinglish for Mr. Lewis, and the piece itself is not Sampsonian in its strength—it was not with John Bull's favorite Toole, a success in London, and will scarcely be so here.

"Hiawatha," Messrs. Rice & Child's new American operatic extravaganza at the STANDARD THEATRE, is quite as rollicking and amusing as "Horrors," of which it is a worthy successor. The idea of the burlesque is that Indians never tell a lie, which may be true—but one thing is very certain, that white men make up for Indian deficiencies.

The Opera is with us once more, but we are inconsolable because we are not quite sure if it be 'Er Majesty's veritable Hopera, or that belonging to some less fortunate personage. It is true that Marimon and Campanini sing, but the name of gallant Colonel Mapleson does not appear in the regular advertisement. "Linda di Chamouni," "la Favorita," "Aida," "il Flauto Magico" are promised to begin with.

One of the most successful, artistically, of concerts ever given in New York was the last Saturday evening's PHILHARMONIC, at the Academy of Music, conducted by Theo. Thomas. The programme consisted of Adagio and Fugue in C-minor, by Mozart; Beethoven's Symphony No. 4 B-flat op. 60, and Introduction and Finale; "Tristan and Isolde," Wagner. The feature of the evening, however, was Rafael Joseffy's masterly interpretation of Chopin's Concerto, No. 2 F-minor, op. 21.

Answers for the Anxious.

HASELTINE.—You have done nobly for her.

WIGGINS.—Crawl into a vacuum, please, and stay there.

A LABORER.—Your suggestion is good; and it will be used. Just wait till we get done with the other nuisances we have on hand, and we will "lay out" the crowded cars in a way that will make you happy.

S. G. V.—Now, dear boy, look here! That poem of yours is all right—it is well written, interesting; its sentiment is neat. But it is of no more use to us than the symbolic side-pocket is to the traditional cow. It is no reflection on you or your Muse, bless her heart, that we won't print it. It simply isn't in our line. You wouldn't like it, would you, if we filled up our space with matter clipped from the *Scientific American*—an excellent journal, but with nothing in its style akin to ours. You wouldn't? Then how do you think our other readers would enjoy our changing the policy of the paper to make room for your verses on the ground of their abstract literary merit?

OUR BLUE-COATED EXQUISITES.



During the recent raids on the low lodging houses of New York the police were much annoyed by the foul odors and sights.
We present the above as a suggestion, should such an emergency again arise.

PUCK'S PARNELL FUND.

MONDAY, March 2, 1880.

Three weeks ago, PUCK opened a subscription list for a fund to cover the expenses of reshipping to Ireland Mr. C. S. Parnell, whose presence in this country appears to be generally considered in the light of an elegant superfluity. These expenses were estimated as follows:

Steorage Ticket per "State Line" of Steamers, to Belfast or Dublin.....\$26.00
Passenger's Outfit (mattress, blanket, pannikin, tin plate, knife, fork and spoon)..... 4.00
1 Piece of Pie..... 0.10

As foreshadowed in the P. S. in last week's issue, this sum—and more—has been raised before the date set for closing the subscription. As was stated at the time, the purpose of PUCK's action was to give his readers an opportunity to express their disapprobation of Mr. Parnell, his methods and manners. In response to the suggestion, nearly two hundred and fifty letters have been received at this office, coming from all parts of the country and from all classes of people. Many of these were cleverly written; all, with two exceptions, were sent as distinct expressions of sympathy with PUCK in the stand he has taken against the Irish agitator. Of course we have no room to print more than a few of these. The best of them are too long for the small space at our disposal. What we have printed, however, indicate the tone of the rest; and the final list of subscribers which we publish herewith is a sufficiently emphatic expression of the opinions held by PUCK's readers, although many of them are written from the standpoint of people who cannot fully comprehend that these are times when an avowedly humorous journal finds that it has some very serious things to say and do under the guise of light, even flippant language. There are others, however—and not a few, by this time—who know that PUCK would have small claims on their love and respect if he did not aid as well as amuse them—if he had not won the right to be earnest, even in his fun.

As set forth in previous announcements, the subscription list will be closed to-morrow night, and the sum raised, which the object of the benefaction has tacitly refused to receive, will be sent to the Editor of the New York Herald, to be passed to the credit of the Irish Relief Fund. The proper acknowledgment will be printed in the next number of PUCK, together with the credits for any stray contributions which may be on hand after the present writing.

A SUPPLEMENT.

WHEELING, W. Va., Feb. 16, 1880.

Dear PUCK:

As you seem to have the idea that Mr. Parnell should eat only pie in commemoration of our people, who can dispense with his services, I would make the suggestion that the necessary smoking utensils should also be furnished to him "gratis." The cost of one pie you can deduct from the 25 cents which I hereby solemnly donate, leaving a balance of 15 cents, of which please dispose as follows:

Buy 5 cts. worth of "Poipes," at 1 cent a piece.
"10 cts. worth of "Dog-leg Tobacker."

The expediency of these articles is very apparent, when used as connection of pie.

The aroma created by smoking said tobacco causes an inclination to meditate, peruse and ponder.

Mr. Parnell's mouth-organ would not cause his mental faculty to be absorbed entirely with the pie, whereby no time might be spared for meditation.

Hoping that my suggestion will be favorably considered by you, I am
Yours, etc., BONA FIDE.

LITERARY GENEROSITY.

To the Editor of PUCK—Sir:

If the accompanying letters are suitable and you use them, you can advance the sums therein mentioned as my compensation.
Yours, etc.,

A. NICHOLSON, 14 E. 127th St.

[Mr. Nicholson's counterfeit "letters" are accepted, and the compensation due him for said MS., \$5.10, is passed to his credit as a contribution to the fund. But we do not want any more contributions of this sort. They are too ruinous to the collectors.—ED. PUCK.]

To the Editor of PUCK:

Your noble efforts to rid a stricken people of a terrible affliction are to me extremely affecting. My heart is too full for utterance. Enclosed please find five (5) cents, being the profit on one bottle of "Simon's Lightning Bug Exterminator."

This valuable preparation supplies a want long felt in the community. Its cheapness places it within the reach of all. Directions on each bottle. For sale by all druggists. Price 25 cents a bottle. The trade supplied.

ISAAC M. SIMONS, Manufacturer,
No. 1,290 Avenue D, New York.

The following are a few testimonials selected at random from thousands:

[Mr. Simons can have the rest inserted at our usual advertising rates.—ED. PUCK.]

Dear Mr. PUCK:

I am only a little boy ten months old. For years I have been saving up to buy a pistol to shoot my grandmother with; but ma tells me it ain't nice to shoot your grandmother, and so I send you my savings (5 cents) instead, for dear Mr. Parnell.
JOHNNY HIGGINS.

Editor PUCK:

Dear Sir—I am a stevedore and desire to contribute my share towards helping along your "Parnell Fund"; but being too poor to give money I make the following offer: When your fund has been raised and Mr. Parnell is ready to depart I will load the aforesaid Parnell on board ship free of charge—using hooks or not, just as is deemed best.
PADDY FLINN.

COMMERCIAL TRAVELER.

LOWELL, Mass., Feb. 26, 1880.

Please find inclosed eleven cents (11c.) (one better than friend Schep) for the benefit of your "Parnell Fund." Have been a little hard on expenses this month, so this is the best I can do. I think my friend Nicotine should come down handsomely. Yours truly,
SLOWCUS.

P.S.—Should you not succeed in raising the desired amount let me know, and I'll make the boys come down.

A DENTAL DONATION.

No. 26 MOLAR ROW,
PHILADELPHIA, Pa., Feb. 26, 1880.

Dear PUCK:

"The fathers have eaten sour grapes, and the children's teeth are on edge."—Ezekiel xviii, 2.

I forward you by to-day's mail an upper set of false teeth, to be added to "PUCK's Parnell Fund." I hope they will be of benefit to Mr. Parnell in manducating the numerous pieces of pie sent him through your agency.

Teeth of great men all remind us

We can make our teeth rank high,

And, departing, leave behind us

Footprints on all kinds of pie.

AUGUSTUS TASSO McDERMOTT.

P.S.—Please print the teeth.—A. T. McD.

P.P.S.—Or let them make their own mark.—McD.

NOT BAD FOR A PIKE.

If Parnell don't take the money you've collected for him to go home with, I think he ought to be shipped in a barrel of pork as cargo. It will save expense. Anyway, put my dollar and five cents to your fund and do as you like with it. I know it's in good hands.
ABE A. DINGMAN,
Milford, Pike County, Pa.

THE FRESH DELEGATION.

12 Dozen.....Bogus 10 c. piece.
Billy Bobstay.....Delayed 5 c. postage stamp.
Chelsea.....3 wooden toothpicks.
Tin Button Brass Wash.....1 old tin button, 1 brass washer.
Nott Shaler.....Bogus 10 c. piece.
K. K. V.....One chew tobacco.
J. Montgomery Smith.....Cancelled a c. postage-stamp.
An old Subscriber.....Paper Haytian Plastre, unsigned.
The Hat Me Father Wore.....Cancelled 3 c. postage stamp.
Buffalo William.....Bogus 10 and 5 cents.
Popocatepetl.....Bogus Mexican Dollar.
Augustus Tasso Mc Dermott.....Upper set of false teeth.

SUBSCRIPTION LIST

FOR
PUCK'S PARNELL FUND.

PUCK.....\$5.00	Arthur C.....0.03
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PUCK.





OFFICE OF PUCK 23 WARREN ST. N.Y.

MAKER, HENDEL & OTTMANN, LITHO. 23-25 WARREN ST. N.Y.

DIGGING THEM OUT!

A SCALY FISH TAIL.



His boat began to founder
And the fisherman to flounder;
He haddock cramp which soon did seal his fate;
They found him minnow breaker
Which had been his under taker,
And all sardine ough they bore him to his skate.

They stopped there to consider
How they would con sole the "widdier,"
And how tell her halibut the clam iti;
For they feared she'd go a whale ing
And shad tears enough for baling,
And the shark, they thought, would mackerel most die.

In the soft grayling gering twilight
When there does but shiner sky light
Which was smelt ing, like the hearts of those around,
Came the mournful wind a sighing
The last sturgeon one there lying,
Just because he would not fish upon dry ground.

"While lamprey ing," said one, crying,
"Tom must ray dace salmon dying
And eel whis perch herring words that sucker give."
"It's a bloater cuttle life short,"
Said another, "and a wife's thought
Alwzys is—"I muskallonge—I cannot live."

When they had dolphin ished speaking
They ap roach ed with eyes a leaking
And desp herring, for their porpoise made them sore;
One could tell leech man was wishing
That he hadn't been a fishing,
When they went to plaice the body on the floor.

"Oh, that mussel spoil the carp et—
He is moist," her voice, so sharp, it
Made them drop their burden while they turned to fly;
Then the body, slowly ray zing
In a way that was amazing,
Said "pike cod, if I am oyster 'm awful dry."

"Get turbot tle, quick, of brandy—
While I porgie chub bream handy—
And dab bass ket—I must sweep the muss away."
Then to sea-horse sweep the flooring
While the others did the pouring—
Why, it was torpedo lighted every day.

H. C. DODGE.

flounder
had a—seal
in a
under-taker (joke)
sad enough—his gate

console
all about—calamity
wailing
shed
shock—make her almost

gray lingering
shine a
melting
(why mournful?)
dirge on
fish

I'm praying
read a psalm on
he'll whisper cheering—succor
blow to cut a

must go 'long

all finished
approached
despairing—purpose
each

place

muss 'll—carpet

raising

pike and cod (fish) moist, I'm

a bottle
pour, get your broom
a basket
see her sweep

to be delighted.

HERMESIANAX PRATT.

HIS VARIEGATED ADVENTURES IN ALL THE COUNTRIES
OF THE GLOBE, INCLUDING SOME UNKNOWN
TO JULES VERNE.

EXTRACTED FROM THE ORIGINAL, EXPRESSLY FOR PUCK.

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS BY A. ROBIDA.

PART FIRST.—OCEANICA.

CHAPTER XVII.

THE WHEREABOUTS OF THE WHALE.

THE cetaceous monster,* bearing his beauteous burden, urged impetuously on his mad career. As we have said, the burden was beauteous; but no abstract considerations of beauty have the slightest weight with the irritated digestive organs of a whale who has swallowed a wholly superfluous dose of rubber-clad young woman. Mysora's looks made very little difference to the whale; all he knew was that he felt uncomfortable in his innards, and he never asked himself whether Mysora was pretty or intellectual-looking; whether she banged her hair or whether she hadn't any hair to bang; whether she came from Boston or Chicago.

If he had known anything about the anatomical geography, so to speak, of the United States, he would have thanked his cetaceous stars that she did not hail from the metropolis of the west. Her dear little tootsy-wootsies were aggravating enough to his vitals, though they were only of the daintiest, microscopic New York size.

And as she stamped those tiny pedestals in helpless anger and misery, she goaded and roweled the whale's whole digestive system to that extent that he fled onward like the wind, leaving far in the rear the unhappy Hermesianax, who, however, plodded bravely on, only wishing for a submarine bicycle to facilitate his progress.

* We make no special boast of this phrase; but we do think it is neat, in a quiet, unobtrusive way.

The shores of Australia presently hove in sight, and the whale ran head on to them, and rolled around on the rocks in a most unregenerate manner, showing a horrid want of resignation and patient endurance.

Thus we see the inevitable punishment of the wicked. We are not whales, just at present, it is true; but if, in the strange vicissitudes of life, we ever should be, let us hope that we shall always remember our dignity and self-respect, and never, never, never swallow nice young women in rubber suits.

This being an appropriate moral reflection, we will close the chapter here, and begin another.

CHAPTER XVIII.

HOPF'S HAUL.

While the whale was rolling around on Wujja-Wujja's rock-bound shores, a Hardy Fisherman [we don't know his name, but give him the benefit of capitals, all the same,] saw, approached and boarded him.

This Hardy Fisherman was an American. He came from Pennsylvania.* He had, in his time, been a rich man and a subscriber to the Oil City Derrick. But happening, in an incautious moment, to buy an oil-well or two, he had been reduced to absolute beggary, and had sold out and emigrated to Australia. Thus he knew something about oil, but comparatively little about whales. He had read, however, that whales contained oil, and he supposed that the way to extract that commodity from the marine mammal was the same as that in use in the petroleum regions. So he climbed up on the monster and began to excavate.

"Hold thy ruthless hand!" yelled Dr. Hopf, appearing on the scene. He was out for a little walk, with an ulterior view to pollywogs.



"Whatchersoy?" inquired the Hardy Fisherman, without pausing in his labor.

"Fisher, spare that whale!" whooped the scientist.

"I ain't sparing any, this season," replied the heartless carver.

"You have no appreciation of delicate scientific sentiment!" the Doctor observed, in a disparaging tone.

"I ain't. That's where you're right," cheerfully assented the Hardy Fisherman, drilling away with his harpoon.

"How much," inquired Dr. Hopf, with a marked change of manner, "will you take for that whale."

"Now," replied the Hardy Fisherman, leaning upon his harpoon, "you're a-talkin'. Those whale is—lemme see—he are to me the equivalent of an ile-well. Now, in Pennsylvania, an ile-well's wuth from three dollars-and-a-half to five dollars. Setin' it's you, I'll only charge you seven dollars."

"All right," said the delighted scientist, hastily extracting the required sum from his pocket. "Just leave him at my aquarium as you go up, will you?"

The Hardy Fisherman pocketed the money.

"Anything to oblige you, Cunnel," he said: "but somehow I don't seem to be agoin' just that way this mornin'. Suppose you whistle for him—mebbe he'll foller you."

CHAPTER XIX.

TRANSPORTATION.

It cost the Doctor £519,11,6½ to get that whale up to the aquarium—not including a pint of peanuts to a small boy to watch the derrick.

CHAPTER XX.

REAPPEARANCE OF OUR HEROINE.

Immediately after being transferred to his new quarters, the whale was taken violently ill. Why—in the language of that mad wag—that quite too awfully amusing person, Mr. W. S. Gilbert,

— "Why should we hesitate to own
That pain was in his little tummy?"

* For the benefit of our English exchanges, we will explain that Pennsylvania is a small inland town, in the interior of New Orleans, near the Rocky Mountains.

We won't hesitate to own it. We don't hesitate. We boldly aver it. We will even go so far as to bet on it.

Dr. Hopf gave the whale an emetic. In about three seconds, the whale deposited the lovely Mysora at the feet of the astonished scientist.

Although unquestionably taken by surprise, Dr. Hopf retained his characteristic presence of mind. Hastily soothing the partially relieved, yet still agitated whale, with a mild sedative, he turned his attention to the graceful figure in the gum garments.

Removing the binnacle case* from her head, with hasty and tremulous fingers,† he fell on his knees before the vision of loveliness thus revealed.



Her long hair streamed down over her shoulders, and increased the pallor of her perfectly chiseled features, white from incarceration amid unsympathetic surroundings. The warm carmine of her lips, half parted as if in sleep, had faded to a delicate coral. Her ivory lids veiled the violet depths below—she had fainted. [This description of Mysora is put in so that you may know her again when you see her. We repel with scorn, not to say loathing, the imputation that we copied it from one of Mrs. Henry Wood's earlier works. But we give fair notice that we intend to use it again for any other heroine we may have to introduce to the public.]

"Wake up, vision of beauty!" was the involuntary tribute of the scientist to the unconscious Mysora; but she did not wake up, until he burnt a feather duster under her dainty patrician nostrils.

When she did, she acted in a strictly feminine style.

"Get out, you horrid, ugly thing!" she said: "who are you?"

He was chilled; but he did not despair.

"I am," he replied: "Dr. Anaximander Hopf, manager of this ichthyological establishment, F. R. G. S.—" and then he went on to give all the list of alphabetical honors which foreigners love to sport.

"My intentions," he then added: "are strictly honorable."

"I don't care!" cried his fair captive: "and I don't believe you either, so there! You swallowed me just now, and took me away from my dear darling Hermie, and now you're talking about intentions, you awful old octopus. O my ma!"

"Don't mix your *genera* in that way," was the devoted scientist's reply: "I received you from a whale—*balena*, you know, and—here, hold on there! where are you going? Stop, will you, and deign to accept the homage of a reverential adoration, and"—

But Mysora had buckled on her head-dress binnacle, and rushed swiftly up the ladder to the top of the tank.

There she paused, and turning on her pursuer a face of calm reproach, she cried, with a strangely inexpressible dignity and sweetness: "Ta ta, Doc!"

CHAPTER XXI.

HERMESIANAX TO THE RESCUE.

Mysora plunged to the bottom of the aquarium, and remained there, pensively and picturesquely sulking, until supper-time. Love is a mighty force, but it is a paralytic baby alongside of appetite. Mysora is no dyspeptic heroine—no gum-masticating Vas-sar ethereality; she is a good, sound, squarely constructed, healthy girl, such as don't die young, although the gods and men are equally mashed on them.‡

* This may not be right. Our nauticalist is out just at this moment.

† He did not fall on his knees with hasty and tremulous fingers; he used the hasty and tremulous fingers in removing the binnacle.

‡ As we write, we have in mind a Being—but no matter. She is, as yet, cold and cruel.

She wanted her supper. She pondered the situation calmly. The fish in the tank looked thin and unhealthy, as if they felt their position as scientific specimens. They were decidedly uneatable. And long submarine experience had taught Mysora that seaweed, while filling, is not proportionately nutritious. And Hopf was between her and any other possible base of supplies. There was only one course to be pursued—to temporize.

"Hermesianax could not misconstrue my motives," she said to herself.

When a woman makes up her mind to do anything, if she is any sort of a woman she does it well. Mysora went to the side of the tank and smiled upon Dr. Hopf, and listened to his nauseous protestations of undying devotion as if she were really beginning to think that there might be some faint ground for believing in them.

If Hopf had not been an inexperienced and self-centred old bachelor, he would never have been taken in by this shallow pretense. He would have known that a woman never does anything on a basis of rational cerebration. He would have known that to win Mysora's heart he would have to strike a mystic chord that would *et cetera*, or to do something equally absurd; and that he had not been doing any striking *that* day.

But he was not wise, and when Mysora smiled on him, he reciprocated with a solid token of affection in the shape of a supper. He gave her corned-beef and caramels and Hamburger steak and Roman punch and spring-chicken and sauerkraut and kangaroo chops and Brussels sprouts and vanilla ice-cream and one or two other things.

That was his idea of a light, wholesome, refined, aristocratic little supper. Mysora ate it. Ate it right up, in all its gorgeous harmony, and looked as if she liked it.

In fact she did like it. And she was too true and unaffected a woman to put on any side about it, and say she had a delicate appetite, and could he bring her a volatilized nightingale on toast?

What a lovable character!

Then she determined to spend the indefinite period of enforced captivity as pleasantly as possible, and she chatted very pleasantly all the evening. He gave her scientific sentiment on a large scale, and she gave him the humble yet more effective taffy on the usual vehicle for that popular donation.



Finally she succumbed to weariness and too much conversation, and fell asleep at the bottom of the tank, while the entranced Hopf gazed hopelessly at her from behind his student's lamp, and the electric eels in the tank clawed themselves up in a bunch, and wept tears of unrequited love.

But where was Hermesianax all this time? Was he a recreant dastard, or was he an undaunted cavalier? Reader, he was an undaunted cavalier, and please avoid making any mistake about it. He was wading along the bottom of the ocean eternal, careless of the blandishments of occasional mermaids, bluffing off the too-frequent shark and the over-familiar octopus, and dodging the slimy convolutions of the ubiquitous and extensive sea-serpent, steering straight for the object of his heart's dearest affection.

[To be continued.]



Puck's Exchanges.

WARD'S PATENT MEDICINE.

Among Browne's earlier productions was the following take-off on patent medicine advertisements. It has not appeared in print since it was first published in 1857, and will be new to the present generation:

Tremendous Medicine—We invite the particular attention of our readers to the following advertisement:

DR. BOOZLE'S

DOUBLE REFINED, ALL HEALING VEGETABLE-PILLS—JOY TO THE AFFLICTED.

Dr. Boozle, a graduate of twelve medical colleges, formerly private physician to Choc-Whoo, brother of the Son and Moon, has succeeded, after forty-three years (Dr. B.'s sands of life have about run out) of assiduous application, in preparing the above pills. They are made of the fourth stomach of the calf, extracts of a few thousand flowers, balm of several hundred plants, hair of diseased Choctaw chiefs, etc., etc., etc., and PURELY VEGETABLE.

Beware of counterfeits! Dr. Boozle's pills are put up in little tin boxes, with Dr. Boozle's name engraved on the outside in the new system of chirith-o-mography. Read the following testimonials, which were voluntarily given:

Dr. Boozle—In March, 1857, my liver was a mass of decay. I took two boxes of your pills, and my liver was perfectly sound in less than three days.

P. LARKINS,
Hamilton Corners.

Dr. Boozle—In April last I swallowed a pickerel weighing fifteen pounds. I was in great distress. I didn't rest well nights. I tried all the doctors, who said I must die!!! I took three boxes of your pills, and the pickerel ceased to trouble me. You may use this as you please.

[Mr. Perkins is a Son of Temperance, and for several years superintended a toll-gate on the National Road.]

R. Lumkins writes: "My wife was a confirmed consumptive. Her lungs were all gone. She was reduced to a skeleton, weighing only 38½ pounds. I tried all the doctors, but all to no avail. Poor creatur! I knowd she was wastin' away. For two years she laid in bed wastin' away. I heard tell of your pills, but didn't believe they would do no good; but I saw the poor creatur a wastin' away, and bought four boxes of your pills. Dr. Boozle, them pills saved the poor creatur's life. In two days she gained strength enough to call me a nasty, good-for-nothing sneak, and in a week she threw cups and saucers at me, just as she used to when in good health and spirits. The poor creatur continued to revive until she was able to spank the children until they were blistered, and now she is completely well. She weighs 283 pounds, and her appetite is good.

[Mr. L. is a well-known resident of Grange Cross Roads, and was formerly engaged in the tin business.]

Sold in all parts of the world and Southern Michigan. Price 50 cents a box. Be particular and ask for "Dr. Boozle's Anglo-Saxon Double-Refined, All-Healing Vegetable Pills."

—Artemus Ward, per Cleveland Voice.

THE "DIVINITY" THAT FAILS TO HEDGE.

Call me very late to dinner.—Alexander, Czar.

"The greatest of these is charity" is not in Queen Vic's copy of King James's version.

It is a melancholy journey that ex-Empress Eugenie is about to take.

Alfonso of Spain is the happiest mourner in Europe. He has buried one queen and a half, and has one left.

To marry such a Lonesome man, and to live in such a lonesome place, utterly ice-olated is the sad fate of Queen Vic's sad daughter..

If I could marry the Princess Beatrice, the Herald would hereafter be an Englishman.—J. G. Bennett.

King-killers shoot by indirection; they belie their name.

The next explosion will wake up the Em-press and put the Czar to sleep.—Chorus of Nihilists.

Somebody says that the Czar has as many lives as a cat. But that remains to be proved. There are four more chances for the cat's reputation.—New York Mail.

THE CANADIAN COURT AGAIN.

FOR the first time since the confederation of the provinces an ukase has gone forth establishing an order or table of precedence. Hitherto the Canadian people have recognized no precedence beyond that which is accorded in every country to wealth and intellect. The new order, however, will be rigidly enforced. It divides society into twenty-five grades, the Governor General ranking first and the commanding officers of the army and navy second; then come the Lieutenant Governors of provinces, archbishops and bishops, Dominion Ministers, the judges according to their rank, the members of the Privy Council who are not now Ministers, general officers of the army and navy, officers of the militia, Senators, members of the Commons, the minor judges, Provincial Ministers, members of the Legislative Councils and Assemblies, and lastly the retired judges, each of these classes being subdivided into forms, as it were. The taxpayer has no locus standi whatever in the list. Maj. De Winton and his subordinates will no doubt do their best to carry out this order, but it will be a miracle if they succeed. Twenty-five years ago Sir Edmund Head, then Governor General, drew up a table of this kind and sought to introduce the regulations which govern the intercourse of Ministers with the Crown of England. His first order was that when Ministers left the capital they should inform him of the fact. Sir Allan McNab, a proud old Highlander, but, as far as etiquette went, a perfect Goth, had occasion to leave town the next day, and this was his note of excuse to the Governor General: "The McNab begs to inform His Excellency that he has gone down the river as far as Grosse Isle to a cock-fight, and if the McNab does not return to town to-morrow, or the next day, His Excellency will be justified in concluding that the McNab has fallen into the hands of the police, in which case His Excellency will doubtless be good enough to intercede for the release of the McNab." This letter got into print, and, amid the uproarious laughter of his liege subjects, Sir Edmund canceled his order. The Marquis of Lorne's order will not fare much better.—N. Y. World.

IS THIS A NEW FIRM?—[In the matter of the attempted piracy of the "Pirates of Penzance."] Messrs. Sullivan and Gilbert have retained Messrs. S. L. M. Barlow and William F. Howe, two of the most prominent lawyers in New York, as counsel, and propose to fight.—London Figaro.

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EVERY EVENING AND SATURDAY MATINEE, at 1:30

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It is not birth, rank, nor state, but git up and git, and Smoking Blackwell's Fragrant Durham Bull Tobacco, that make men great.

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Beware of Counterfeits and Imitations! BOKER'S BITTERS.

The best Stomach Bitters known, containing most valuable medicinal properties in all cases of Bowel complaints; a sure specific against Dyspepsia, Fever and Ague, &c. A fine cordial in itself, if taken pure. It is also most excellent for mixing with other cordials, wines, &c. Comparatively the cheapest Bitters in existence.

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An excellent appetizing Tonic of exquisite flavor now used over the whole civilized world, cures Dyspepsia, Diarrhea, Fever and Ague, Colics and all disorders of the Digestive organs. Try it, but beware of counterfeits. Ask your grocer or druggist for the genuine article, manufactured by Dr. J. G. B. Siegert & Sons.—J. W. Hancox, U. S. Sole Agent, 61 Broadway, P. O. Box, 2610, N. Y. City.

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A patient had four teeth extracted at Dr. Colton's, in the Cooper Institute, and, on awaking, exclaimed, "Didn't I hear somebody singing 'Pinafore'!" The most delicate and feeble can take the gas, as it exhilarates instead of depressing. We have given it to 114,000 patients, at this writing, without an accident. We never supply other dentists with our gas.

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NEW YEAR'S DAY IN LONDON.

"Happy New Year, Miss," says the Count of Devonshire. He had just come in with a crowd.

"The same to you, sir," replies Evy, gracefully, as she bows without leaving her seat.

"Let me make you 'quainted with the Duke of Kentshire," continues the Count. Evy nods distantly. "He's one of the gang to-day."

"Most obedient, Miss," says the Duke. "Had many calls?"

"Most a thousand, I guess," answers Evy indifferently, as she keeps her eyes on the door.

"Possible?" questions Mr. Kentshire.

"Take some lunch?" asks Miss Thames.

"Don't mind," responds the Duke.

"Sally!" calls Evy to one of her classmates.

"You attend to Mr.—Mr. —"

"Kentshire," supplies the Duke.

"Well, go along with her. She'll fix you all right. I'm sick."

The Duke and Lady Sally go in quest of egg-nog to the adjoining room.—*San Francisco News-Letter.*

THE game of "Fifteen" originated with the Electoral Commission in 1877.—*Phila. Kronikle-Herald.*

JOHN SHERMAN would probably make money by swapping his boom for Keely motor stock.—*Phila. Kronikle-Herald.*

KYROS W. FIELD was terribly embarrassed the other day by being spoken to by a man who wore a paper collar.—*Boston Post.*

THE best and most thoughtful newspapers now allow contributors to the waste-baskets to write on both sides of the sheet.—*Atlanta Constitution.*

ONE hundred and fifty new liquor saloons were opened in Utica to-day in honor of the convention. The residents of Utica know how to nominate a President.—*N. Y. Express.*

SOME one has written on "What Girls Think." This is very complimentary to that class of girls who, to be judged by their talk, never think at all.—*New Haven Register.*

LORD BACON said "speaking makes a ready man, and reading a full man." Modern people have an idea that something besides reading makes some men full.—*Syracuse Times.*

HOWLING SWELLS in England sign their names "Eglinton," "Beaconsfield," "Derby," "Smith," and so on. The only swell who does the thing up to the handle in New York is PUCK.—*N. Y. Commercial Advertiser.*

SPAIN gives a minister plenipotentiary \$6,000 per year, while a favorite bull-fighter receives \$30,000; but then we'd rather plenipotensh for that country for a dollar a day and board than fight bulls at any price.—*Modern Argo.*

THE people like it (PUCK) because it strikes the popular fancy by its great independence and its happy hits upon the glaring weaknesses of our national, secular and other institutions.—*Interview with veteran bookseller in Baltimore Gazette.*

KRUPP has invented a needle-gun warranted to kill 200 men per minute. In case the American Association of Amateur Poets carries out its expressed intention of holding a convention in Chicago next summer, Mr. Krupp's business will receive a boom.—*Toledo Commercial.*

A SCIENTIFIC article discusses "What Eyes Are For." It's easy. Eyes, great, bright, sparkling eyes, are for the purpose of fooling a fellow into marrying a girl who has a mother and three older sisters, with ever ready hearts and guiding hands to boss your household.—*New Haven Register.*

That low, nervous fever, want of sleep and weakness calls for Hop Bitters.

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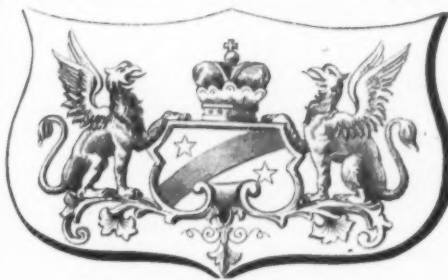
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M. REDGRAVE, Esq., Dear Sir: Your table paid for itself in a few days, and I cheerfully recommend it to any saloon keeper who may desire to purchase one."
WM. FINTZEL.

No hotel or saloon should be without one.
Centennial award. Price of above size \$12, C. O. D., delivered free of expressage. Same size superior finish, three bells, \$15. Larger size, five feet long by two feet six inches wide, five bells, fit for the handsomest parlor or hotel, \$30. All tables can be examined before taking up C. O. D., and if not found as represented need not be taken. Handsomely illuminated circulars, of six sizes, sent free. Agents wanted. Address, M. REDGRAVE, Patentee and Manufacturer, 628 Newark Ave., Jersey City, N. J.

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Dear Public, take this valentine;
Nor hide that modest face of thine
To see in print thy merits shine.

For thou art steadfast as the wind
That round about the compass veers,
And, as the jungle-tiger, kind
To those whose pleadings greet thy ears.

Thou art as grateful as the snake,
Unselfish art thou as the swine.
Then take, dear, dear, gentle Public, take
This complimentary valentine.

—San Francisco News-Letter.

DR. LEWIS SWIFT, of Rochester, has received a gold medal of the Imperial Academy of Sciences in Vienna, for the discovery of a comet in 1878. It is this delay in sending medals that discourages men who make a business of hunting up lost comets. We are satisfied that a great many more comets would be "turned up" by scientific detectives if rewards were handed over more promptly.—Cincinnati Saturday Night.

MESSRS. THOMAS COOK & SON, of 261 Broadway, the well-known tourists' friends, have issued the programme of their special excursions for 1880. There will be the usual annual May party, the grand annual educational vacation party, and the annual midsummer party—all, of course, personally conducted. There is a tendency to poke fun at tours arranged and carried out on the Cook method; but one thing is very certain—that it is the best means for getting a proper idea of what is worth seeing for the tourist who has but a limited time at his disposal, even if he is allowed but five minutes to do the Louvre and the British Museum.

When the brain is wearied, the nerves unstrung, the muscles weak, use Hop Bitters.

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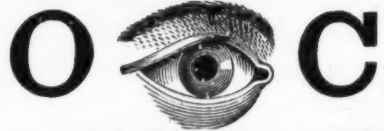
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Also Cal. Hock, Claret, Angelica, Sherry and Brandy.



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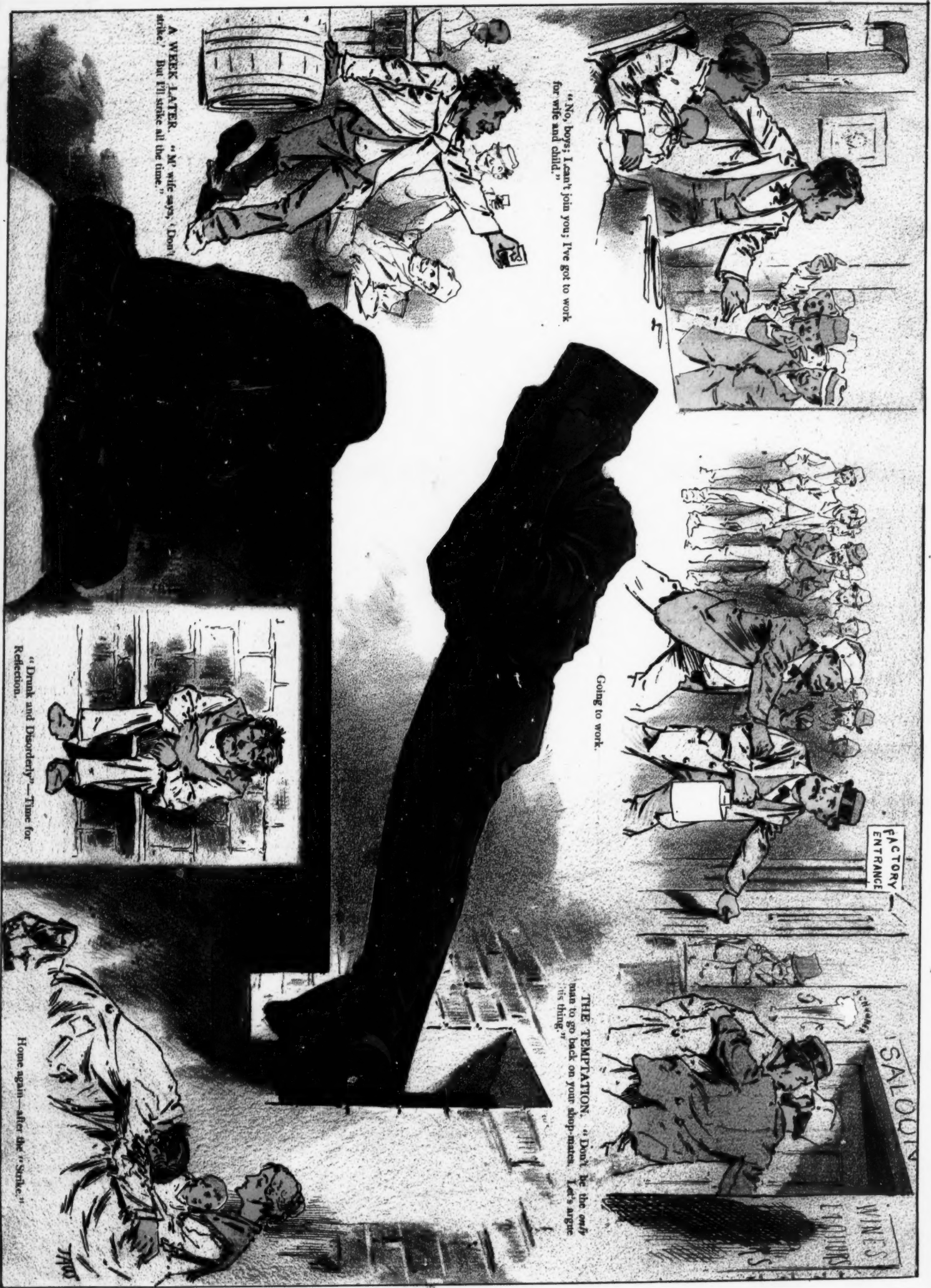
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